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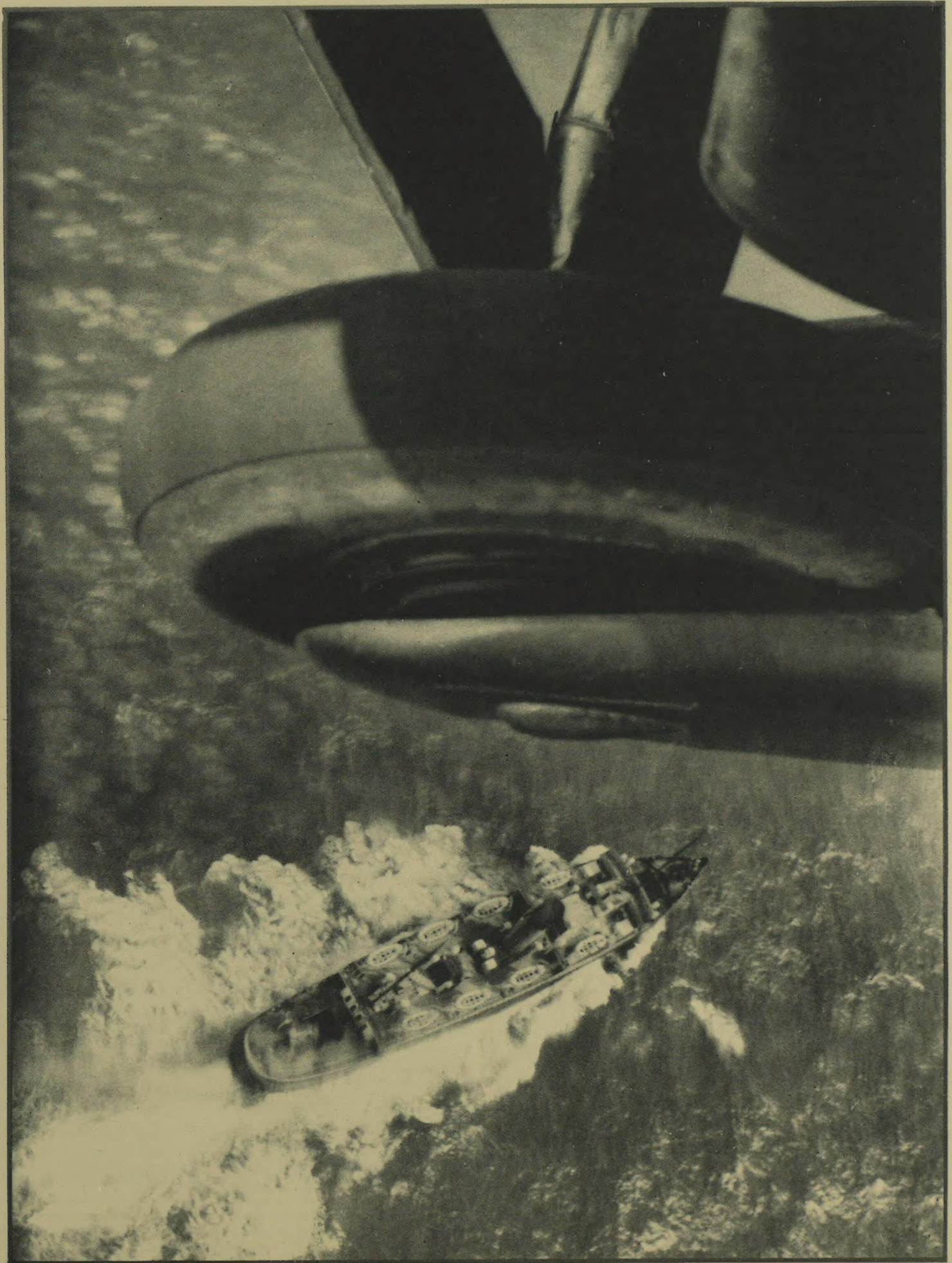
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1931.



THE FLYING "PULLMAN"—A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MODERN TRAVEL: CROSSING THE CHANNEL BY AIR LINER, A DOWNWARD VIEW SHOWING ONE OF THE LANDING WHEELS AND A STEAMER.

Aviation has provided of late years a fresh and fascinating method of travel between this country and the Continent, the facilities and amenities of which are being constantly improved. This illustration belongs to a series (continued on four succeeding pages) of remarkably dramatic and informative photographs taken from a giant German aeroplane during

a recent flight from Berlin to London and back. These photographs are typical of such a journey in a flying "Pullman" of the newest type. That reproduced above gives a view looking vertically downward from the aeroplane on to a rival form of transport on the surface. It shows also part of the under-carriage and one of its huge wheels.

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY FOTOAKTUELL, BERLIN.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MAY I protest once more, as I think I have protested more than once already, against a certain habit common in modern debate? I enter a plea against it in the general interests of controversy, and especially of courtesy. I do not think I have ever done it myself; but if I have, I am quite willing to enter a common league of penance and promise to do it no more. I mean the case in which a controversialist begins by asserting that all the intelligent people are on his side, and therefore, by inference, that there can only be stupid people on the other side. I believe that the best hope of preserving private property is to preserve it in the form of small property; as, in the case of landed property, it is preserved in a peasantry. But if I begin the discussion by saying "Every man with more brains than a cow now agrees that the Three Acres policy is the only land policy worth looking at," I shall be at once calling half my neighbours fools and proving myself a fool. For I know very well that many intellectual people believe in the Socialist solution, many in the Single Tax, many in the tradition of good landlordism and the ordering of large estates. And, anyhow, it is my business to prove that peasant proprietorship is a good thing; not to assert without proof that only an idiot could think it a bad thing. I should like to organise a defence of small shopkeepers, against both the Stores and the State. But if I start to smooth the path of controversy by saying in a genial way: "Every human, being who has wits enough to sell a penny bun has long ago decided that small shops are always superior to big shops," I shall not produce any such general glow of agreement as I desire. For it is an indubitable fact that some rational animals, still at large, and even using their brains successfully, do believe in Big Business; some do believe in monopoly; some even believe in State monopoly. Moreover, as before, I have to state the advantage which makes me think the small shopkeeper superior; not merely to claim the advantage that everybody else already thinks him superior.

A bad example of this bad habit was given recently by Dr. Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, in a controversy on Sacraments with the Archbishop of Canterbury, on which I have no sort of intention to intrude. Dr. Barnes said: "To say that something exists though no one can detect its existence, receives curt incredulity to-day from thinking men and women." Incidentally, I hope not; for it would imply, not that all thinking men and women are Protestants, but that all thinking men and women are atheists. The Bishop goes on to say that the beauty of God can be seen in a sunset. But certainly God cannot be detected in a sunset, except in the sense in which He can be detected in a Sacrament. That is, the thing can be believed for various reasons that satisfy the believer, in both cases; but it cannot be seen, demonstrated or "detected" in either of the cases. And there are "to-day" any number of "thinking men" who will say they see no need to believe in a just Creator merely because certain chromatic effects are produced by atmospheric vapours at evening.

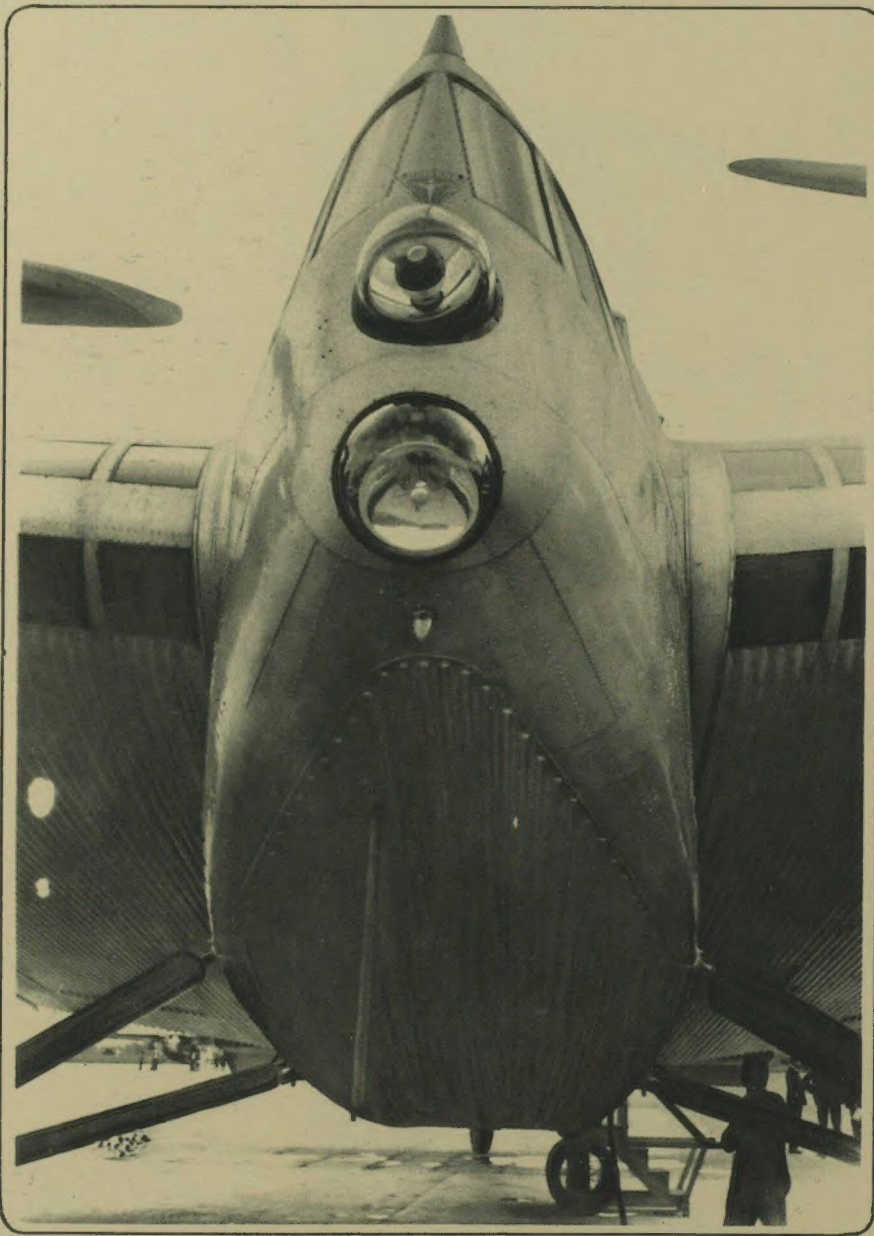
But I am not here concerned, I will repeat, with the particular debate itself. What I object to is one of the debaters coolly announcing at the start that everybody in the world thinks as he does, or that anybody in the world who thinks differently does not think at all. Now we all know that this is not the

fact; and even the debater himself must know that it is not the fact. Putting entirely on one side my own communion (which has produced a few people not actually half-witted), it is certainly not true even of the body of High Churchmen, or whatever we call them, to whom the Bishop applied it. He must know, if he knows anything, that a man like Mr. T. S. Eliot, say, is not an entirely unthinking man; that a man like Mr. Ellis Roberts is not an unthinking man; that a man like Father Waggett is not an unthinking man. It is a perfectly obvious fact, about the whole

very unwise habit of assuming not merely that certain liberal ideals are right, but that all really educated people think they are right. A vast amount of darkness and mystification has been brought into the world by the use of the word "enlightenment." Only certain opinions were called enlightened opinions; only certain policies were called enlightened policies; as if it were not a question of convictions being held, but merely of concrete facts being seen; and that, if they were once seen, there were no two opinions about them. This may be true of a few objective things; but it most certainly is not true of moral and even mystical enthusiasms like those of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. It is not a question of mere enlightenment, or being enabled to see these things; for in that sense they are as unseen or invisible as Faith, Hope and Charity. Even if you could make everybody look at them, you could not make everybody like them. And, in fact, the enlightenment is not pure light; the illumination of the broad-minded is not simply the broad daylight. There are a good many lights involved; the Inner Light of the Quakers; the superficial sunlight of the Pagans; the light that leads astray, even when it is light from heaven; the light that shines only in the darkness; the light that never was on sea or land. There is a mystical element in these political ideals, and the old liberals were wrong in supposing that the mere enlightenment of the intellect would secure them. And to say that all enlightened intellects now desire to secure them is simply a flat contradiction of all the facts of the modern world. Perhaps there never was a moment, in which so many men of high culture and keen intelligence were in reaction against what is called Liberty or The Enlightenment.

We all remember the tragedy and the triumph that will be always associated with the phrase about "making the world safe for democracy." Nothing so much threatens the safety of democracy as assuming that democracy is safe. And that is only another version of the same arrogant error; that, because you and I are democrats (if we are) we assume that all thinking people of all schools of thought must believe in democracy. If we go on assuming it much longer, there will be nobody left who does believe in democracy. I have taken this other example, because it happens that I do sympathise with the "enlightened" enthusiasm in the political case, if not in the religious case. But I prefer to take the case against myself; to take something that I do believe, in order to resist the folly of despising all those who do not believe it. A thesis like that of Maurras in his defence of Monarchy, a book like Professor Babbitt's "Democracy and Leadership," the full theory of the State as worked out by some of the

Fascists—these are not necessarily the things I think satisfactory, or the men who think exactly as I do; but they are most emphatically the views of thinking men. If we have to argue with those men, let us not confide ourselves to the dreary and stumbling stupidity of merely telling men who hate Liberalism that they are not Liberals, or finding something not sufficiently "enlightened" in men who make a jest of all they abominate under the actual title of The Enlightenment. If we believe that lessons are to be learnt from liberty, let us at least learn the one open and obvious lesson of variety; and receive with "curt incredulity" the information that all thinking men and women are now thinking exactly the same thing.



A GIANT AIR-LINER IN COMPARISON WITH HUMAN STATURE: THE MACHINE USED ON THE FLIGHT ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER—A FRONT VIEW OF THE BODY AND PART OF THE ENORMOUS WINGS.

On the front page and three other pages in this number (including that opposite), we reproduce a wonderful set of photographs illustrating a journey by air-liner between Berlin and London, typical of modern travel between this country and the Continent. The machine in which this particular flight was made was a German Junkers—one of the largest passenger aeroplanes in the world. The above photograph shows the comparatively diminutive stature of the man standing beneath it.

Photograph Copyright by Fotoaktuell, Berlin.

religious and philosophical controversy of our day, that there are a great many thinking men who think very differently. If there were not, there would not be any religious or philosophical controversy. Would it not be well to have this somewhat simple fact established and recognised at the start of the controversy? I think it would help us all, not only to clear the air, but to stick to the point, if it were made a rule that mere bragging of a monopoly of brains, and the assumption of an opponent's brainlessness, is both bad logic and bad manners.

The same blunder is made in the field of politics as in the field of philosophy or theology. There is a

DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A FLYING "PULLMAN": THE CROSSING.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY FOTOAKTUELL, BERLIN



"WE FLEW ALONG THE COAST OF HOLLAND": THE AEROPLANE'S WHIRLING AIR SCREW SEEN ABOVE A PANORAMA OF SHORE AND SEA.



"STEEP CLIFFS OF THE ENGLISH COAST" AS SEEN FROM ABOVE BY A PASSENGER IN AN AIR-LINER: AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW, SHOWING PART OF THE AEROPLANE AND A LANDING-WHEEL.

Continued.]

Channel. Ah! Blériot, did you dream that in twenty years' time we should be flying the Channel as an everyday affair without thinking it anything remarkable? The water of the Channel is sometimes blue, then again it changes to green. We fly over several steamers (see the photograph on the front page), and our shadow runs like a little dog over the clouds beneath us. After fifteen minutes'



"OUR SHADOW RUNS LIKE A LITTLE DOG OVER THE CLOUDS BENEATH US": A REMARKABLE VISION OF ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS ABOVE A LANDSCAPE.

AIR travel affords the passenger a new and wonderful point of view from which to admire the beauties of nature, on land or sea, as well as scenes of historic interest. The above photographs, which typify this aspect of flying very effectively, belong to the same series as those given on four other pages in this number. This particular flight was made in a German air-liner from Berlin to London and back. The writer of the descriptive article which is quoted on pages 276 and 277 concludes as follows: "I soon become accustomed to the smell of oil, and sit down in front of a window, from which I can see the approaching coast quite clearly. Now comes the crossing of the

[Continued below.]



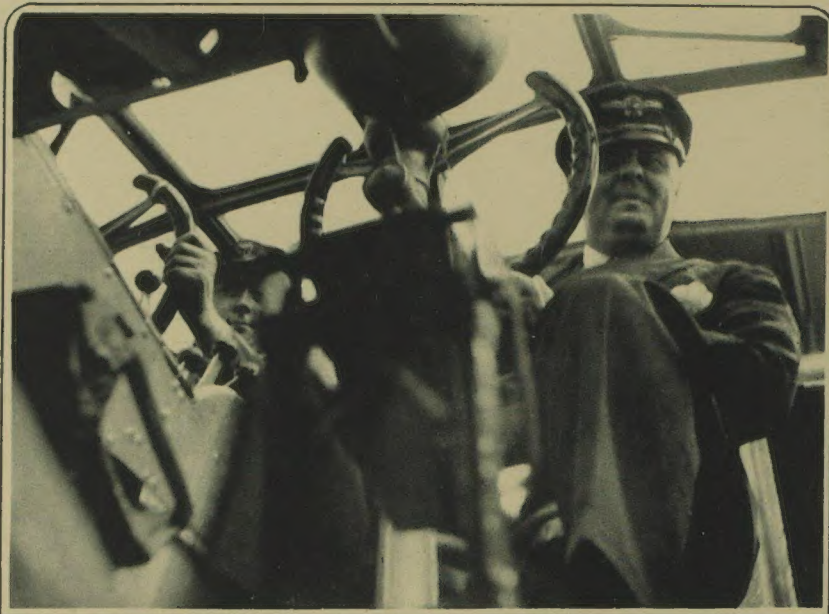
A FAMOUS BELGIAN SEAPORT AND WATERING-PLACE AS SEEN FROM AN AIR-LINER: A PASSENGER'S VIEW OF OSTEND AS IT APPEARED THROUGH THE WHIRLING BLADES OF A PROPELLER.

flight, England is spread out at my feet. First I see the harbour at Folkestone, with the surrounding steamers, and then the steep cliffs of the English coast, all of which I photograph. After seven and a half hours of delightful flying, greatly impressed by our sensations, we land at Croydon." The view of the cliffs, and of the aeroplane's shadow on clouds, are well shown in the illustrations.

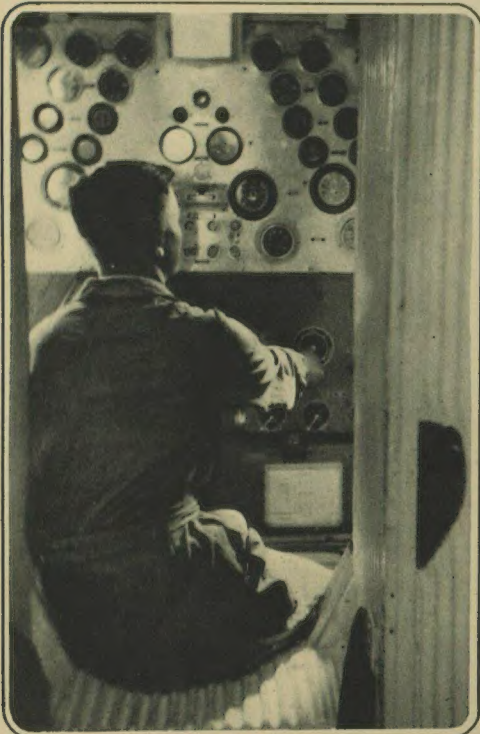


THE CHIEF PILOT'S WIFE AS A PASSENGER: FRAU BRAUER, WITH HER LITTLE SON, DURING THE FLIGHT TO AMSTERDAM, WHERE SHE VISITED HER PARENTS.

BY AIR-LINER TO THE CONTINENT: PILOTS; CREW; AND PASSENGERS.



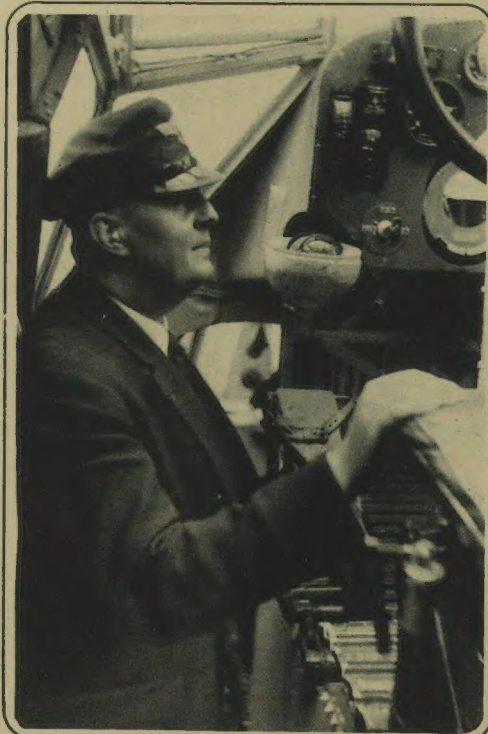
PILOTING AN AIR-LINER: FLIGHT-CAPTAIN BRAUER, THE CHIEF PILOT (ON THE RIGHT), AND HERR ETZOLD, ASSISTANT PILOT, AT THE CONTROLS OF A BIG MACHINE.



PART OF THE INTRICATE MECHANISM OF A GIANT AIR-LINER: AN ENGINEER AT AN INSTRUMENT-BOARD IN THE MOTOR CONTROL ROOM.



THE WIRELESS OPERATOR IN HIS CABIN DURING FLIGHT: A GRAND-SON OF THE WELL-KNOWN GERMAN AIRMAN, STIEFVATER (KILLED IN A CRASH).



THE MAN IN COMMAND: FLIGHT-CAPTAIN BRAUER, CHIEF PILOT, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF 3250 FT.



IN THE ENGINE CONTROL ROOM OF A GREAT PASSENGER AIR-LINER: A MECHANIC, IN CHARGE OF ONE OF THE MOTORS, KEEPING WATCH OVER THE MACHINERY DURING A FLIGHT FROM THE CONTINENT TO ENGLAND.

The interesting illustrations given above (and on three other pages of this number), as typical of modern air-travel, are accompanied by the following description of the flight, written by Herr Willi Ruge, the German parachutist, whose amazing photographs of parachute descents appeared in our issue of June 27. "A heavy pall of thunder-clouds," he writes, "overhangs the Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin's central airport. 'Really, this is not the right sort of weather for flying,' I thought, before my first air voyage to London *via* Amsterdam. But thunder is forgotten when travelling by air in one of the largest aeroplanes in the world. This is partly because no nervousness is shown in preparing for the flight. There is no doubt about it; twenty-five years of flying have achieved something very like perfection. We settled down comfortably in the aeroplane, and shortly afterwards we started, with our 2400-h.p. engines, towards Hanover. In spite of air currents,

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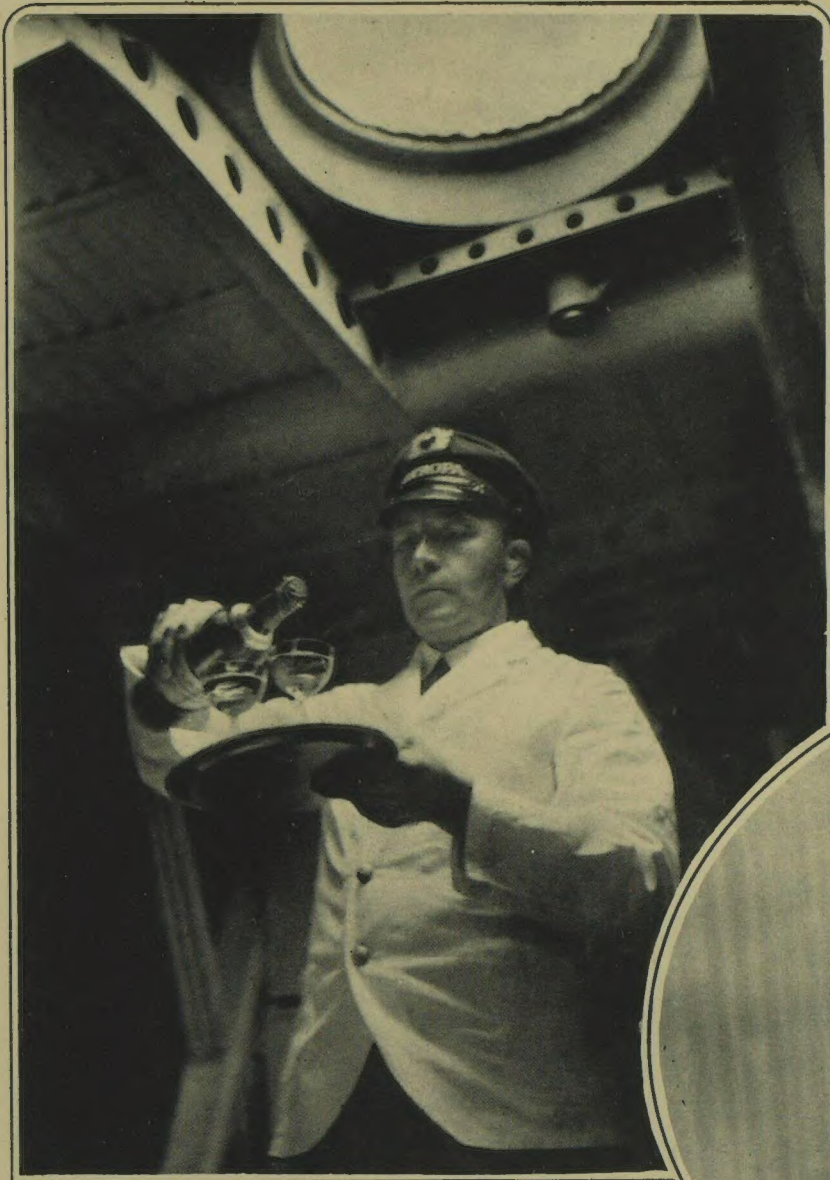


A COLLOQUY BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF A GIANT AEROPLANE DURING A FLIGHT FROM BERLIN TO LONDON AND BACK: AN INCIDENT IN THE ENGINE CONTROL ROOM OF A JUNKERS MACHINE.

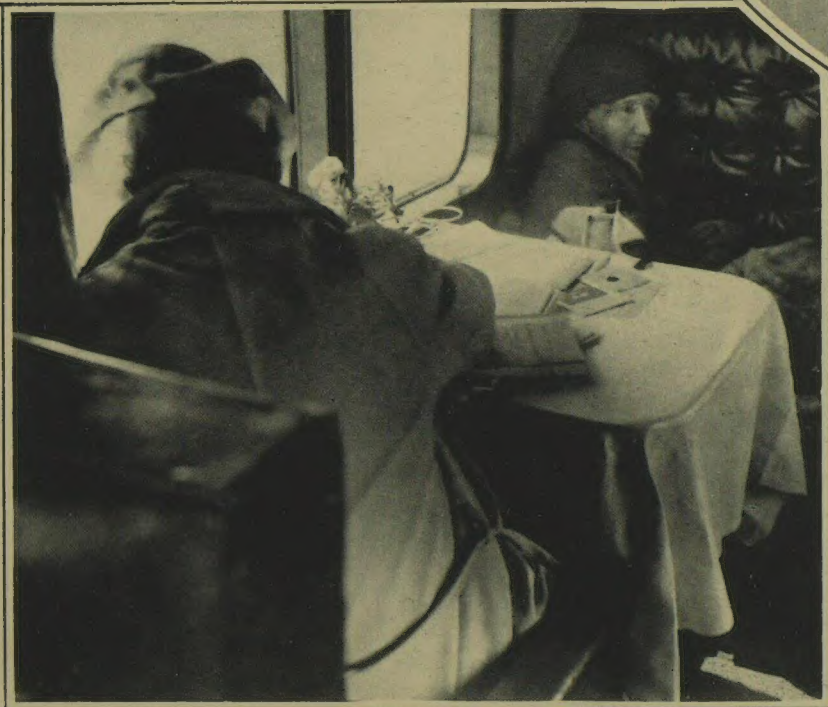
our machine lay as evenly in the air as a board. The lightning around us was wonderful to watch, and soon we found ourselves amidst rain clouds which forced us down about 250 ft. It was only then that we were able to realise the great speed of our machine. Meadows, fields, and villages were left behind. The noise of our motors startled grazing cattle. When we flew over a farm the poultry broke out into loud cackling. A peasant boy tried to hit us with a stone. We could not help laughing at these little incidents. The bad weather during the first stage of

[Continued opposite.]

AN AERIAL "PULLMAN" IN FLIGHT: AMENITIES OF MODERN AIR TRAVEL.



FACILITIES FOR LIQUID REFRESHMENT ON BOARD AN AIR-LINER IN FLIGHT: THE STEWARD ABOUT TO SERVE DRINKS TO SOME OF THE PASSENGERS DURING THE JOURNEY.



A MARRIED COUPLE FROM OHIO ON THEIR WAY TO BERLIN BY AIR: A CORNER OF THE AIR-LINER'S PASSENGER CABIN DURING THE RETURN FLIGHT FROM LONDON.

Continued. our flight enabled me to look about me, as I could not do any photography. At Hanover we landed, and were visited by the Customs officers. Now the engines resume their howling, and lift our heavy machine with ease into the air again. My fellow-passengers make themselves comfortable. An eighty-year-old peer begins to doze again, and thus proves the '100 per cent.' security of our aeroplane; an American couple look quite at home, the wife beams, and so does the sky once more. Flight-Captain Brauer, a giant in stature, seems to have been specially designed for this giant aeroplane. Presently he leaves the steering to his colleague Etzold, and comes to see us and his wife in the cabin. Brauer, who has flown on the Berlin-Amsterdam route for years, made her acquaintance in Holland. Seated in this comfortable saloon, one quite loses the sensation of flying. It feels more like being on board a steamer or in a train, especially when the steward comes round with refreshments. Now we land in Amsterdam, and



JUST LIKE THE RESTAURANT CAR IN A MAIN LINE EXPRESS: THE LUNCH HOUR IN THE PASSENGER SALOON OF AN AIR-LINER IN FLIGHT BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE USE OF AIR TRANSPORT BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION: AN ENGLISH DOCTOR BRINGING OVER A WOMAN PATIENT TO BE OPERATED ON BY A SPECIALIST—A BEDSIDE VISIT ON BOARD AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.



THE NEWEST FORM OF TRAVEL ADOPTED BY A DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE OF AN ELDER GENERATION: AN OCTOGENARIAN PEER—THE OLDEST PASSENGER IN AN AIR-LINER IN FLIGHT FROM BERLIN TO LONDON.

there is a change of passengers. A doctor is bringing a patient in our aeroplane to be operated on in London. I take a walk about the spacious craft, visiting the wireless room and then the engine room to see the heart of the great machine at work." The rest of the flight is described on page 275.



A SHY CREATURE AND HIS HUMAN FRIEND: A BEAVER COMING TO BE FED BY "GREY OWL," A BACKWOODSMAN, OF SCOTTISH-INDIAN PARENTAGE, APPOINTED TO PRESERVE THE BEAVERS AND OTHER WILD SPECIES, IN RIDING MOUNTAIN PARK, MANITOBA.

A CANADIAN "ST. FRANCIS": "GREY OWL" AND HIS "LITTLE



FEEDING AN ELK CALF FROM THE BOTTLE: "GREY OWL" WITH A FOREST WAIF IN RIDING MOUNTAIN PARK.



"WHEN HIS VOICE IS HEARD CALLING AT THE LANDING-PLACE, THEY SWIM TO HIM DOWN THE LAKE, EVEN IF THEY ARE HALF A MILE AWAY": A FRIENDLY BEAVER IN RIDING MOUNTAIN PARK COMING TO "GREY OWL" TO BE FED WITH BOILED RICE AND BANNOCK.

Continued.
hands, and his predecessors, who had all survived their delicate infancy, had seemed imbued with the idea that life was a huge joke, and were mischievous to a degree. But he was all alone, and seemed to miss his small companion that was gone, and had none of the light-hearted devilry of his forerunners. Sometimes as he regarded me gravely, sitting on my feet the while, my heart went out to the little waif that did not want to be free, and I would pick him up and pass my hand over the rich fur. And he would sigh contentedly and immediately fall asleep, to dream of cool water and mud, of poplar leaves and pancakes. When the freeze-up occurred he took up his residence in the cabin, in which the Indian constructed a sort of imitation beaver-house with a tin tank for a swimming pool. Here he lived contentedly all the winter. Later, another young beaver, found wounded and half-drowned and nursed back to the enjoyment of life by his Indian protector and his young wife, was added to the domestic circle. But with the coming of spring both animals were returned to the water, where they soon took up their natural beaver life, repairing an old dam, felling trees, and building their cosy home after the fashion of their kind. For Grey Owl has no desire to domesticate them or turn them into pampered pets. Yet they continue fast friends. When his voice is heard calling at the landing-place they swim to him down the lake even if they are half a mile away. They have learned to prefer "human" food to their own diet of poplar leaves and willow shoots, and will eagerly devour boiled rice and bannock. Apples are their special delight, and as he loosens his pack they will tug at the cords in an effort to help him to open it. Then they will examine each package with almost childish curiosity, emitting squeals of excitement when they come upon their favourite fruit. Tearing open the bag they will clutch as much as both fore-paws can hold, and stagger off to conceal the booty, which is eaten only

THE BEAVER'S FRIEND— BROTHERS" OF THE WILD.



ORPHANS OF THE WILD AND THEIR HUMAN PROTECTOR: TWIN MOOSE CALVES BEING FED BY "GREY OWL."



A HABITATION BUILT BY NATURE'S WONDERFUL LITTLE "ARCHITECTS": A BEAVER-HOUSE, WITH A BEAVER AT WORK ON THE ROOF, IN RIDING MOUNTAIN PARK, THE LATEST OF CANADA'S NATIONAL PARKS, WHERE "GREY OWL" HAS OFFICIAL CHARGE OF BEAVERS AND OTHER SPECIES.

"It is a strange thing," as Mr. H. G. Wells pointed out in his *Outline of History*, "how little has been done since the Bronze Age in taming, using, befriending and appreciating the animal life about us." Now and again, however, there comes a man who realises his kinship with all created life, to whom birds and animals are "little brothers," with affections, feelings—even, it may be, thoughts of their own. An interesting exponent of this more humane philosophy to-day is a Canadian backwoodsman, an Indian by birth and proud of his lineage, who has turned from trapping wild animals to become their protector and interpreter. The English translation of his Indian name, the only one he uses, is Grey Owl. His father was a Scot who married an Apache woman of New Mexico, and Grey Owl was born somewhere near the Rio Grande, a little over forty years ago. In his early twenties he trekked to Canada and became a bush-Indian, alternately trapping, fire-rangin', and guiding. When the Great War came, he enlisted in the 13th Montreal Battalion, and served with distinction as a sniper and crack shot. After the War he returned to Canada, and went back to his life in the great hinterland of Quebec and Ontario, still largely untouched by civilisation. For years Grey Owl had hunted the beaver, then one of the most prolific and profitable fur-bearers of the Canadian wilds. Then came a restriction on the taking of these pelts; but it was removed some ten years ago. During that closed season the beavers had regained much of their original numbers, and the lakes and forest streams of Ontario and Quebec were peopled by millions of these animals. The removal of restrictions led to such a slaughter that the beaver's very existence was threatened. The tortures of the trap-lines, the deliberate destruction of dams and feeding-places, the relentless persecution of this intelligent and sensitive animal, caused a revulsion of feeling in the mind of Grey Owl. "In my wanderings during the last five years in northern Ontario and Quebec, covering perhaps two thousand miles," he says, "I have not seen more than a dozen signs of beaver. I was so struck by this evidence of the practical extinction of our national animal that my journey, originally undertaken to find a hunting-ground, became more of a crusade, conducted for the purpose of discovering a small colony of beaver not claimed by some other hunter, the object being no longer to trap but to preserve them." In the wilds of Quebec, near Lake Temiscouata, he built himself a log cabin, and began his sympathetic observation of wild life. He found a small family of beavers, and studied them with such understanding that they became quite tame and friendly. They will come at his call, climb out of the water into his canoe, eat out of his hands, and follow him about his camp like domestic pets. A year or so ago he captured a young beaver, one of a pair, the other one of which had died, and brought him to the small lake near his camp. The little animal, however, refused to remain wild. "In the creek that feeds the lake," writes Grey Owl, "I had fixed up an old beaver-house, placed a quantity of food, and turned him loose. But he did not want to be loose. Every night before the ice came he was at the camp door at dark. He was by no means the first homeless kitten beaver that had fallen into my

(Continued below.)



"HE WAS BY NO MEANS THE FIRST HOMELESS KITTEN BEAVER THAT HAD FALLEN INTO MY HANDS": YOUNG BEAVER BEING FED BY "GREY OWL."

one at a time. "The voice of a beaver," says Grey Owl, "registers his feelings with inflections startlingly human, and very easy of interpretation, and from it we gather that he seems to be subject to all the simpler emotions in which we as humans claim a monopoly, including to a marked degree those of gratitude and affection. And this is not mere cupboard love either, as with most domestic animals. Witness the case of the yearling beaver which I liberated from a trap, nursing his injured foot for nearly two weeks. Although he had never before set eyes on a man, the poor creature, seeming to realise that I had saved his life, followed me around the camp like a dog, slept alongside of me at night, and on being set free took up his residence on the pond and is here yet, following my canoe up and down the lake, on occasion climbing into it. He shows his affection for me at times by climbing on to my knees and squeezing from his coat a pint or so of cold muddy water, muzzling contentedly to himself the while. A tame beaver that mated up with the newcomer will contest hotly with him for my attention, hustling him out into the lake should he be the first at my feet, and returning to take his place." Not only has Grey Owl succeeded in taming and gaining the confidence of the beaver, but other creatures of the wilds as well. He has befriended the various species of deer that dwell in the forests around his cabin, including the lordly moose and the great elk. He has taken their young when the parents have been thoughtlessly shot by game-hunters, and reared them with his own hands from a bottle. Recognising the value of Grey Owl's work in conserving the furred life of the Canadian wilds, the Dominion Government has secured, with his co-operation, one of the most interesting moving pictures of the beaver ever taken. The film depicts this creature at work in his natural surroundings, building dams and houses, and eating out of the Indian's hand. The picture is to be shown in the universities and colleges of the Dominion.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT has been prophesied, I believe, that some day man will be able to control the weather, and I venture to suggest that our scientists might usefully concentrate on that line of research, while taking Professor Einstein's hint to abjure the refinement of bombs and poison-gas. I could have wished that more progress had been made with the meteorological problem before my recent annual "vacation." Other holiday-makers may be having better luck, as just now (at the moment of writing) I have observed a thundering bright interval. For their benefit, therefore, I propose to mention certain books, chiefly topographical, which may help in the choice of locality.

Precedence is due, both on grounds of loyalty and intrinsic importance, to an imposing volume issued by a Royal Commission and entitled "AN INVENTORY OF THE HISTORICAL MONUMENTS IN HEREFORDSHIRE." Vol. I. South-West. With Frontispiece, Map, Two Folding Plans, and 201 Plates (H.M. Stationery Office; 30s. net—postage extra). This volume maintains the high standard of the official series in the matter of full and well classified information, architectural and historical, and is illustrated on a truly royal scale. The "inventory" forming the bulk of the book is arranged in alphabetical order of places. It is preceded by a preface specifying, under subject headings, monuments of particular interest. There is also a list of those selected as especially worthy of preservation, with a useful glossary of architectural terms and a very full index. The illustrations comprise not only complete buildings (churches, castles, and old houses), but all kinds of architectural detail, as well as church monuments, brasses, windows, fonts, pulpits, and sacred vessels.

This substantial quarto, of course, is not exactly a book for the holiday-maker's pocket, nor one that the ordinary tourist would carry about with him. It is rather a work of reference which will take standard rank as indispensable to all serious students. At the same time, no expert knowledge is required to appreciate the wealth of beautiful photographs. The text deals mainly with architecture, but there is a good deal of incidental history. As a typical passage, I will give part of a long description of Hereford Cathedral: "Bishop Robert de Losinga (1079-1095) is recorded (*William of Malmesbury*) to have built a church at Hereford on the model of the Minster at Aachen. . . . The only documentary evidence of the date of the beginning of the existing cathedral is a statement (*Calendar of Obits*) that Bishop Reinhelm (1107-15) was the founder. . . . The building of the church at Hereford was carried on throughout the first half of the 12th century and was finished (*Anglia Sacra*) under Bishop Robert Bethune (1131-48)."

I notice, by the way, that in the introductory article the founder's name is given as Bishop "Reynelm." This discrepancy illustrates some remarks by Lord Crawford and Balcarres, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. "The standardisation of the spelling of proper names," he writes, "has always presented considerable difficulties, and almost any system is open to criticism. It is well known that during the period covered by our terms of reference, and, indeed, to a much later date, the art of spelling was in a very fluid state. . . . In the absence of any final court of appeal, it has been thought best to abide, in the matter of place names, by the spelling adopted by the Ordnance Survey, without prejudice to its accuracy. In the matter of personal names, in treating of individual funeral monuments, etc., the actual spelling of the memorial has been reproduced, while in the rest of the text the normal spelling of the name has been followed."

In holiday travel the glamour of the past dwells, not only in ancient buildings, but in memories of old-time social and sporting life called up by scenes associated with the work of various writers and artists. Such recollections are revived in a delightful book which, though not primarily topographical, pictures the doings of past days with inimitable humour, namely, "A LITTLE ABOUT LEECH." By Gordon Tidy, Rector of Stanton St. Quintin, Wilts. With Fourteen Drawings by John Leech (Constable; 10s. 6d.). The author, who is a devoted student of Richard Surtees and his books, has given us here an extended monograph on Leech and his art, rambling and discursive in form, but entertaining and sympathetic in manner. It constitutes an attractive pen-portrait of the famous caricaturist, who was closely associated with this paper in its early days. The book, in fact, is peppered with allusions to various wood-cuts done by Leech for *The Illustrated London News*. Incidentally, in a footnote to the list of illustrations, our paper has been inadvertently described as *The Illustrated News*, but in all the other references the title is given correctly.

Much of Leech's work, of course, is concerned with fox-hunting and kindred matters, but among the examples

selected for reproduction there are some interesting studies of holiday life at the seaside in Victorian days. One that will touch many hearts this summer is called, "Oh, my goodness! it's beginning to rain!"—a sketch on the Yorkshire coast." Another is "Eight Hours at the Seaside," the crowded locality of which is not specified, but which, as Mr. Tidy points out, has a literary interest. He considers it the inspiring source of Calverley's poem "Peace," describing "a worn-out City clerk" who sat him down beside the sounding sea and read through the morning paper. But Calverley's clerk was "alone."

"Those who like linking locality with the lives of the famous," writes Mr. Tidy elsewhere, "will find an interest in learning that, in London, Leech lived in Alfred Place, Powis Place, Notting Hill Terrace, Brunswick Square, Russell Square, and the Terrace, Kensington. . . . Leech saw much which is no longer to be seen, and there is now much to be seen which he never saw. Consequently, much of his work is of an 'elder fashion.' But Leech drew pictures of life and character, and life remains life, and character seems a good deal less changeable than the fashion. . . . In these matters he is a contemporary." Leech as a man appears to have been universally popular, but he suffered from being too obliging, and, though he

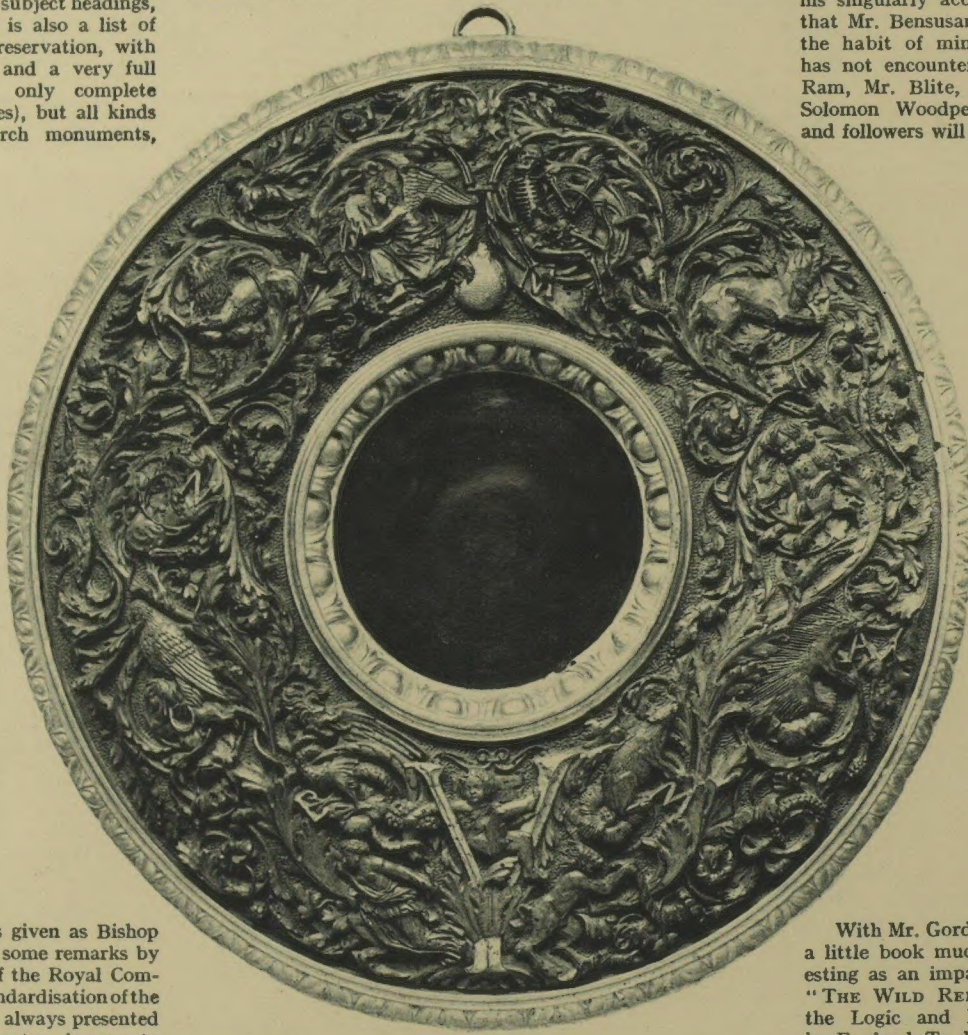
another point in common with Leech, in that he also at one time was a regular contributor to this paper, though at a later date, and fortunately he is still in the land of the living. As a rule, I find character sketches in rural dialect rather boring performances, because they are too often aimless and lacking in dramatic sense or comic invention. Mr. Bensusan, on the other hand, is a past master in these arts. Each one of his brief sketches is a short story complete in itself, with its own thread of plot or central idea working up to a well-pointed conclusion, while the conversations in dialect are handled so neatly and concisely as to be always deliciously amusing. His Essex rustics all have the same sort of individuality which belongs to the Dartmoor folk in the novels of Eden Phillpotts.

I have no room here to indicate Mr. Bensusan's quality by an adequate quotation, which would have to be rather long. The charm of his work is well summed up in the introduction by the Countess of Warwick. "Years ago," she says, "my husband and I penetrated into the remote countryside of which he writes, a district where the old dialect, so rich and racy of the soil, still lingers, and marvelled to find it untouched by time. . . . But it is not in his singularly accurate knowledge of the old-time speech that Mr. Bensusan stands alone; it is in his knowledge of the habit of mind of the village folk. Who among us has not encountered the Oldest Inhabitant, Mrs. Martha Ram, Mr. Blite, and on rare and joyous occasions Mr. Solomon Woodpecker? . . . The author's many friends and followers will hasten to find room for *Dear Countrymen* on the shelf that holds *A Countryside Chronicle*, *Village Idylls*, and *Comment from the Countryside*."

Mention of Eden Phillpotts brings me to a book directly associated with his literary province—"DARTMOOR IN ALL ITS MOODS." By Douglas Gordon. With illustrations including some by Lord Gorell (Murray; 9s.). Here are no dramatic stories or even dialect talk (apart from a few stray anecdotes), but a picturesque description of life on Dartmoor as it is to-day. It has been no part of the author's purpose to discuss legends and antiquities, or to provide anything in the nature of a guide-book. Mr. Gordon is well known as a writer on animal and bird life, to which he gives much more space than to the human side of his subject. There are fascinating descriptions of Dartmoor foxes, badgers, ravens, vipers, and many other creatures of the wild, and a chapter on hunting. "It is the hope of Nature lovers," he concludes, "that the great rolling waste, with her indefinable charm and grey antiquity, will forever remain unmarred, untamed, invincible."

With Mr. Gordon's work may be appropriately bracketed a little book much slighter in dimensions, but very interesting as an impartial discussion of blood sports, entitled, "THE WILD RED DEER OF EXMOOR." A Digression on the Logic and Ethics and Economics of Stag-Hunting in England To-day. By Henry Williamson (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.). While thoroughly sympathising with animal suffering (that of cattle, pigs, and turkeys, as well as deer and otters), Mr. Williamson points out that the Hunts have at least kept alive the Exmoor deer, which would otherwise long ago have been exterminated by the farmers whose crops they destroy. The humanitarian side of the question, however, is also fully expressed, and the author's *pro* and *con* attitude reminds me of Mr. A. P. Herbert's comic opera, "Tantivy Towers."

I conclude, as usual, with a little list of other noteworthy books on sport, nature study, and travel, which at present, at least, there is no space to discuss in detail. These are "AN INTRODUCTION TO POLO." By "Marco," with Foreword by Lord Wodehouse; eighteen Plates and thirty Diagrams ("Country Life"; 15s.; limited edition of 100 copies; 3 guineas); "HUNT AND WORKING TERRIERS." By Captain Jocelyn Lucas, M.C., with abundant illustrations (Chapman and Hall; 18s.); "FISHING FOR TROUT AND SEA TROUT WITH WORM AND WET FLY." By John Stirling, President of the Scottish Anglers' Association. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.); "WITH THE MIGRATORY BIRDS TO AFRICA." By Bengt Berg. Translated by F. R. Barton. Illustrated (Cape; 10s. 6d.); "HOLIDAY" A Motor Trip through France. By Frances Noyes Hart (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.); "PUPPETS IN YORKSHIRE." By Walter Wilkinson (Bles; 7s. 6d.), the story of a travelling Punch and Judy show; and "DOWN CHANNEL." By R. T. McMullen; with Introduction by Dixon Kemp and a Biographical Foreword by Arthur Ransome. Illustrated (Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.). This last book is the log of an old yachtsman who died some forty years ago, and it has long been out of print. Its re-publication should be widely welcomed in the yachting world. C. E. B.



THE TWENTY-FIFTH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": A WALNUT MIRROR-FRAME MADE TO HOLD A SMALL PLATE OF BURNISHED METAL. (ITALIAN; DATING FROM ABOUT 1500; POSSIBLY MADE FOR LUCREZIA BORGIA, WIFE OF ALFONZO D'ESTE, DUKE OF FERRARA.)

This Italian mirror-frame, made to hold one of the small plates of burnished metal used at the Renaissance for this purpose and dating from about 1500, is of walnut wood exquisitely carved, and displays an elaborate symbolism. From the so-called Pythagorean letter, the Y, springs a garland of leaves and flowers. On the left side, amongst the foliage, are the gilded letters B.O.N.U.M. (Good), with various animals, including a unicorn and a lion, representing virtues, and an angel above. On the right side are the letters M.A.L.U.M. (Evil), and birds and animals emblematic of the vices (a hog, a porcupine, a monkey, and a wolf), with Death, the wages of Sin, as a skeleton on the top. Between the angel and the figure of Death is carved a flaming grenade, a badge of the house of Este; and it has been supposed that the mirror may have been made for Lucrezia Borgia, wife of Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, whom she married in 1501. It was purchased for £150 in 1861 with the Soulages Collection.

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made a great deal of money, died so poor that his widow had to be pensioned. The explanation is that for twenty years he was the prey of borrowers. "There is small wonder," the author comments, "that he drew such lifelike portraits of 'Mr. Sponge.'"

Comic characters can usually be made more effective pictorially than in literary form, and there are few writers who can successfully convey the humours of local dialect. One of the few is the author of "DEAR COUNTRYMEN." By S. L. Bensusan (Murray; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Bensusan has

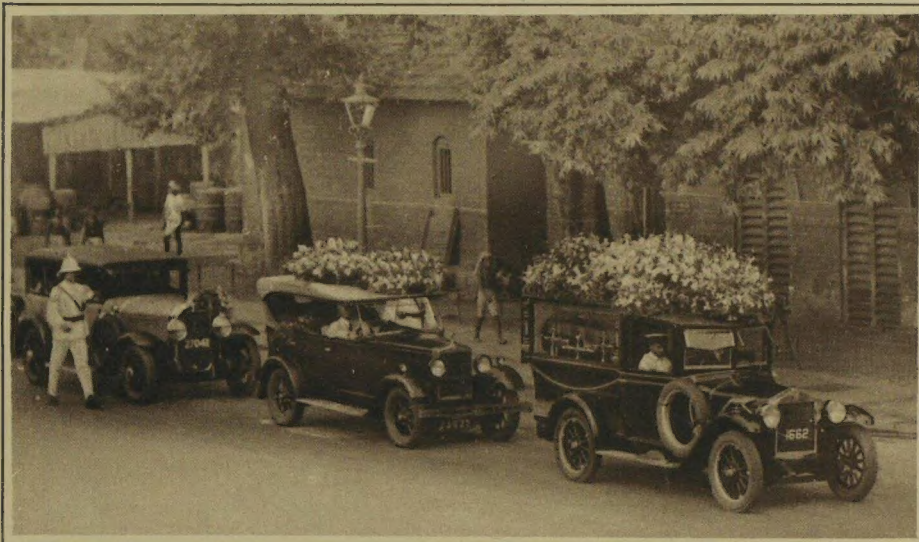
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



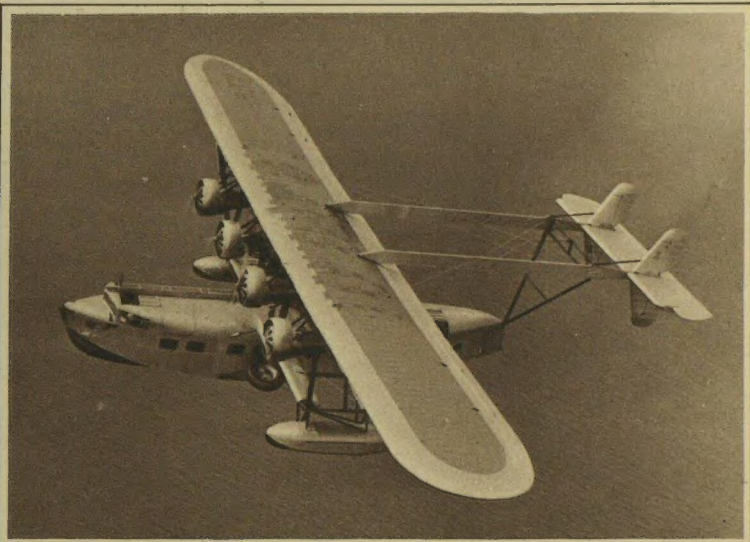
THE ONE-MINUTE SILENCE OBSERVED BY BERLIN AND PRUSSIAN POLICE IN MEMORY OF THE TWO POLICE CAPTAINS WHO WERE SHOT BY COMMUNISTS ON AUGUST 9: AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY ON "CONSTITUTION DAY" IN BERLIN.

We illustrated in our last issue a number of the scenes which took place in Berlin at the time of the recent Prussian Referendum, including incidents in the Bülowplatz and outside the Karl Liebknecht House, the Communist Party's headquarters, in the neighbourhood of which two police captains were shot on August 9. Martial Law was maintained in the Bülowplatz for some days

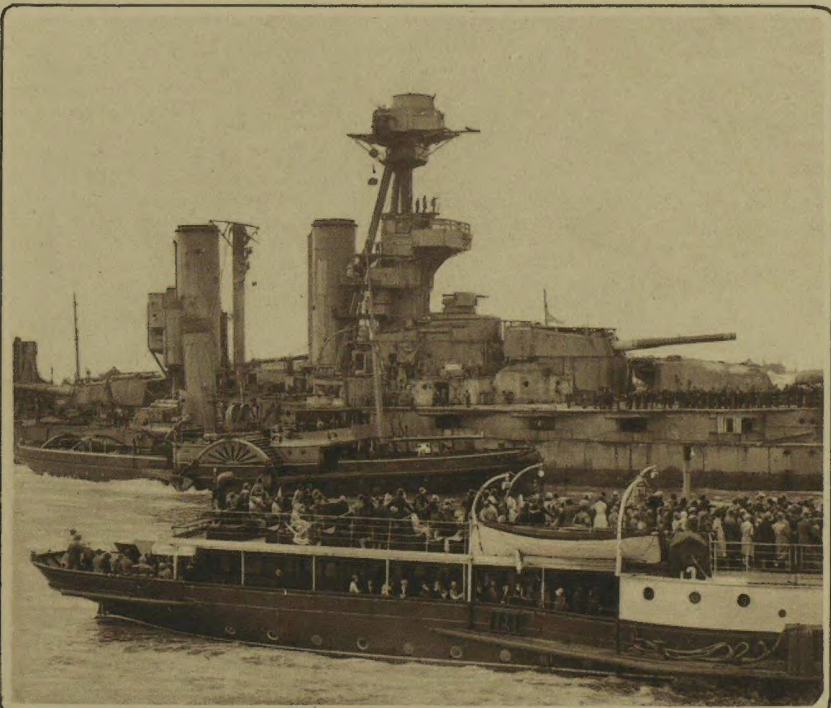
afterwards, and the Karl Liebknecht House remained occupied by police. On August 11, the 4000 Berlin and Prussian police, who had gathered with bands and banners to honour Constitution Day in the Lustgarten at Berlin, observed a minute's silence, in memory of the two murdered captains.



THE ALIPORE OUTRAGE: THE SIMPLE BUT IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF JUDGE GARLICK, WHO WAS SHOT ON THE BENCH, PASSING THROUGH CALCUTTA. Mr. Ralph Garlick, I.C.S., District Judge at Alipore, near Calcutta, met his death at the hands of a Bengali assassin while he was hearing a civil suit, and his murder constituted one of the most shocking of the outrages that have recently occurred in India. In this case, the assailant was himself shot by a police sergeant at the entrance of the court while trying to escape. We reproduced a portrait of the murdered Judge in our issue of August 1.



A NEW GIANT AMPHIBIAN FLYING-BOAT TRIED OUT IN THE UNITED STATES: THE 114-FT. WING-SPAN, 40-SEATER SIKORSKY FLYING OVER LONG ISLAND. A forecast in 1930 of the flying-boat amphibians to be built by the Sikorsky Company for the Miami-Panama service of Pan-American Airways, stated that the machines would be designed for the carriage of 16-24 passengers, and 1000 lb. of mail; but it was considered that for short-range work they would be capable of carrying 40 passengers without crowding. The amphibian seen here has a wing span of 114 ft., and is 73 ft. long.

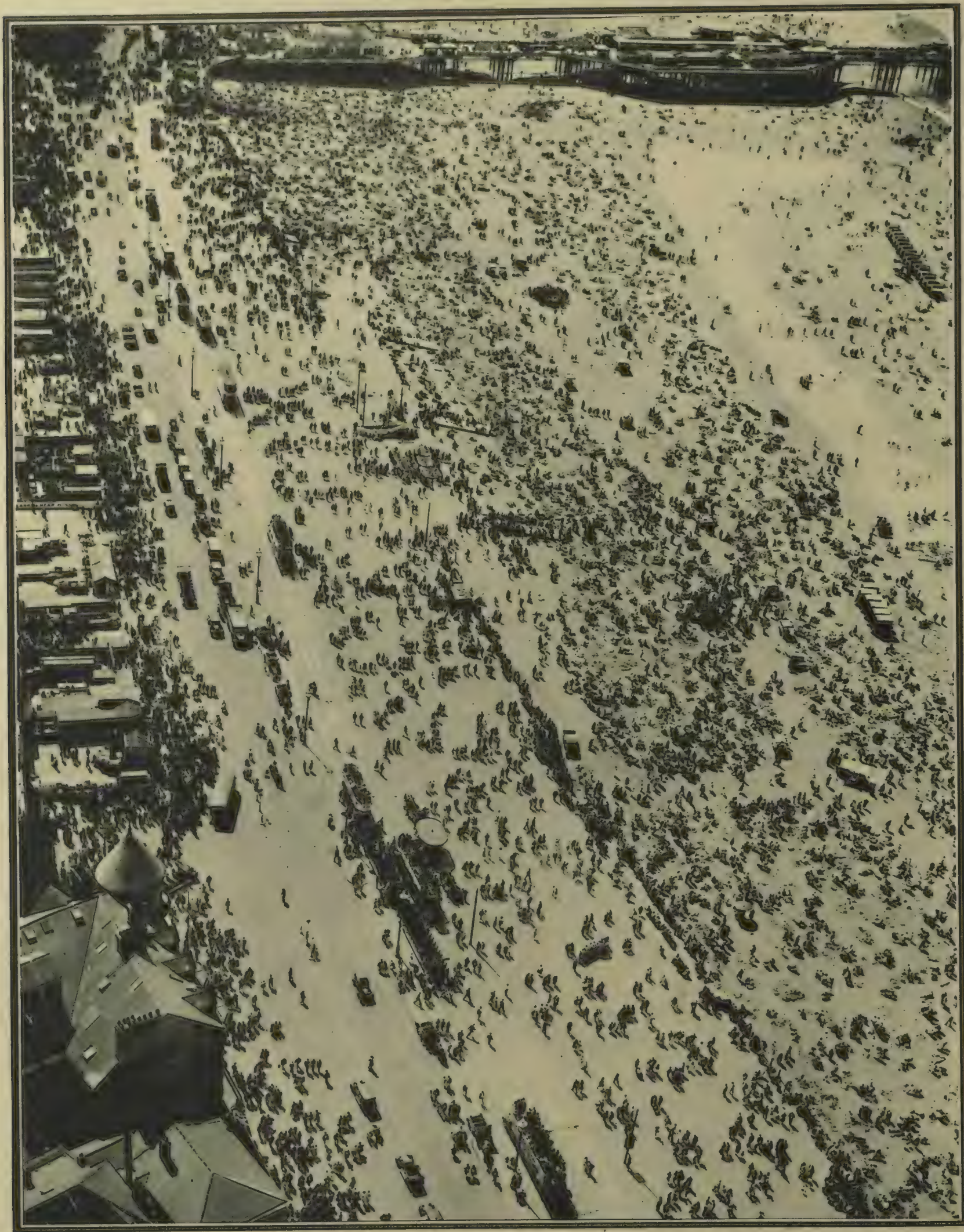


THE REFLOATED "EMPEROR OF INDIA" BEING TOWED INTO HARBOUR: THE BATTLESHIP WHICH GROUNDED ON A BANK OFF BOGNOR AFTER BEING USED AS A TARGET. H.M.S. "Emperor of India" (completed in 1913), which was used as a target-ship in June, was towed in from the Owers Bank, off Bognor, where she had stranded, and docked at Portsmouth on August 15. A detailed examination of her hull is intended to ascertain the full effects upon it—and particularly upon the engine-room—of the high-explosive shell fired at her for experimental purposes.



THE VISIT OF SOVIET WORKERS TO ENGLAND: RUSSIANS WHO HAVE "DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES IN THE FIVE YEARS PLAN," AT THE NEW FORD WORKS. The Soviet motor-ship "Ukraine" berthed at Hay's Wharf, below London Bridge, on the morning of August 10, and later her 350 passengers, who were described as "members of shock brigades, Soviet workers, and peasants who had distinguished themselves in special efforts towards carrying out the Five Years Plan," were taken round London. They spent some days in England, and visited the Ford works at Dagenham, as well as Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford.

THE CONEY ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN: BLACKPOOL—FROM THE AIR.



"ENGLAND'S GREATEST EXPERIMENT IN ORGANISED PLEASURE": A SECTION OF THE SEVEN-MILE "FRONT" AT BLACKPOOL DURING "ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE" IN THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

In describing Blackpool as "England's greatest experiment in organised pleasure," Mr. H. V. Morton doubtless had the famous Pleasure Park in mind. But his description applies equally well to the whole borough, which has laid itself out to be a holiday-makers' paradise—one vast playground adapted to a singular variety of games! Its million-pound promenades are more than five miles in length; its seven miles of sand, and seven miles of terraced sea-front, running from rock cliffs on the north to the Sunken Gardens on the south; its Roman Bath at South Shore (where the promenade is paved with a particular type of reddish stone that does not reflect light into the eyes), its three piers, each with its own band, give Blackpool a unique place among the world's seaside resorts—unrivalled even by Coney Island. For, besides all these, Blackpool has

also its Pleasure Beach and Pleasure Park, where you feel strange thrills on the "Big Dipper," the "Scenic Railway," or the "Reel." The Englishman on holiday has always been a subject for philosophy—ever since Chaucer wrote of Canterbury Pilgrims; but there has never been anything in our island we venture to think, comparable to Blackpool as a phenomenon. Further, it has been said that when you meet a crowd in France you expect to find an accident; in Germany, a demonstration or a riot; in Italy, a religious festival; in the East, a miracle! But in England we find that a large crowd is rarely doing anything but amusing itself (*pace* M. André Siegfried)—either it is Derby Day, or a Cup Final, or just a holiday: in our photograph of Blackpool there is something distinctly characteristic of ourselves.

THE BLACKPOOL OF THE UNITED STATES: CONEY ISLAND—FROM THE AIR.



NEW YORK'S GREAT PLAYGROUND: HOLIDAY-MAKERS LEADING THE GREGARIOUS AND THOROUGHLY DEMOCRATIC SUMMER-VACATION LIFE ON CONEY ISLAND, WHOSE AMENITIES ARE WORLD-FAMOUS.

Coney Island, the playground of New York, whose fame has crossed the Atlantic, includes, in reality, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and West Brighton Beach, five miles in all from east to west. But Coney Island in its narrowest sense, in its essence, is West Brighton Beach—a place of innumerable cheap amusements and many ingenious side-shows, cafés, baths, and dancing-halls. At the western extremity, however, is Sea Gate, lying between Gravesend Bay and lower New York Bay, exclusively residential, with a large number of summer houses and the club house of the Atlantic Yacht Club. A short drive connects it with West Brighton Beach, and with the famous Coney Island boardwalk, extending some 1300 ft.—or as we should put it, nearly three-quarters of a mile. Looking at the aerial photographs of Blackpool and Coney

Island, one cannot help being reminded of pictures of the throngs of pilgrims trooping down to the sacred waters of the Ganges at Benares! The seaside, it is true, is not precious to English and American town-dwellers for any religious reason—even though cleanliness be next to godliness. Yet it implies a certain amount of health-worship! How much superstition is mingled with our "adoration" of the ocean must be left to future generations to decide; it is certainly a cult firmly engrained, at any rate in the Anglo Saxon, and we see masses in England and America thronging yearly to the seashore—as surely as roaming cattle are urged to their salt licks by the obscure promptings of nature. Down we go in our hundreds of thousands during a heat-wave in New York or a Bank Holiday in Lancashire, to expose the rind of civilisation to the action of sea-water.

The World of the Theatre.

THE MULTIPLE STAGE: PRODUCER AND ACTOR.

THE reopening of the Alhambra with its musical and spectacular show, "Waltzes from Vienna," which Mr. Hassard Short, an Englishman who won his laurels in America, is directing, adds another

and circumstance. It is a drama calling for the actor identified in costume, releasing his gestures with expressive fervour and giving the spoken word its sonority. The sustained response to the Fair Oak Players was because they frankly accepted the element of make-believe, enlisting our imaginations in its pursuit. They brought back drama to its inherent purpose.

Modern drama has become visual as well as auditory, for the stage employs pictorial and decorative art to provide the descriptions which classic drama supplied through the text, and relies on the use of lighting, colour, and design to excite and establish the mood. To-day we have become intolerant of the Aristotelian Unities which Ibsen imposed in his social dramas, intolerant of the narrow limitations of the platform, and demand the fluidity and expansive canvas of the novel. Yet, unless some kind of new scenery is invented in place of the old painted "flats," permitting of swift and facile change, how can it be done? Nothing is more annoying or disturbing to the play's movement than the constant intervals between scenes while the next set is being prepared. To meet this need for expeditious scene-shifting, the various forms of movable stage were invented. Other devices are the cyclorama—such as is used at the Cambridge Festival Theatre—and the screen background on which scenic films are

knit it together, then the multiple stage is completely justified. For the whole entertainment is designed to charm the eye, and the swifter the panorama the more dazzling the impression. Where "the play's the thing to catch the conscience" of the public, the more static the setting, the less likely is its action impeded. These innovations have lifted the producer to a high eminence. He is essential, if all the mechanical resources of the stage are to be successfully used. He was not essential in the older theatre—though he was always useful. He could stand at the back of the pit and tell the actor to speak up; he could suggest the moves and stage positions; but the play did not primarily depend on him. This is still true. Perhaps I can make it clearer with a few current illustrations. "The Love Game," at the Prince of Wales's, turns mainly on the actress playing Margaret Armstrong. Those who enjoyed Miss Marie Löhr's sympathetic reading probably felt the play would go to pieces when she left the cast. If production could make the actress, no such fears would be entertained. Go and see Miss Estelle Winwood, who has just returned after sixteen years in America, in the part, and you will enjoy an equally beautiful, equally individual interpretation. If the farcical comedy, "Queer Fish," at the Apollo, makes good, it will ride home on the performance of Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith; while "The Midshipmaid," at the Shaftesbury, is an assured success with Mr. Baskcomb's able-seaman to recite Longfellow. There can be no wit so slow or so untutored as to believe the producer could of himself get such results. Production did not make Bernhardt, Duse, Ellen Terry, Irving, Wyndham, or Coquelin. It was out of the wealth of their personalities that every part, hollow or full, became alive.

The producer with his multiple stage has to gather so many elements together into a synthesis—scenery, lights, colour, tone, action, movement; time—that he can no longer act in an advisory capacity. His authority grows with his responsibilities. If he fails the production fails with him, for the actors can no longer save it. The important name on the bills of "White Horse Inn" or "Waltzes from Vienna" is the producer. This is as it should be for a spectacle, a pageant, or a show. But a false orientation is overtaking the presentation of plays if, because of the machinery and electrical equipment used to provide the settings, the producer usurps the position which belongs to the actor.

G. F. H.



THE OLD SEALER "VIKING" IN THE GRIP OF ARCTIC ICE: A SCENE FROM THE FILM "THE VIKING," WHICH WAS BEING COMPLETED WHEN THE SHIP WAS BLOWN UP BY A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION.

The tragedy of the "Viking"—the old sealer chartered by Mr. Varick Frissell for the making of his film—which blew up with the loss of some twenty-six lives, was fully illustrated in our pages at the time of the disaster. The completed film, styled "The Viking," pictures a romantic story of the sealing industry, and includes some fine photography of Arctic conditions. It was arranged to be shown at a special trade presentation in London on August 18.

revolving stage to those already built in our London theatres. At this point it is worth observing that this mechanical stage is not an innovation, for it was first introduced at the Coliseum. Built in the form of three circular discs, it revolves at the touch of a button, instantly replacing a front scene with a scene fully set out behind while the front-scene performance is going on. Behind-stage at the Alhambra, the Phoenix, the Coliseum, or the Adelphi—where "Grand Hotel" is shortly to be presented—reminds you of nothing so much as the control-room of an Atlantic liner, with its switchboards governing innumerable lights, its signalling apparatus and mechanical call-boys to summon the performers. Stage craft has become a highly complex science, and scene-shifting an engineer's problem.

Under what necessity comes this complicated machinery to the theatre? I have just returned from Rogate, on the Sussex-Hampshire borders, where, in what is perhaps the loveliest natural amphitheatre in England, I saw the Fair Oak Players present "The Tempest." No platform stage could ever capture the magic which this setting of gorse and fern, stretching away to the blue distance, secures. Not all the witchcraft of engineering, all the revolving platforms, wagon and elevator stages, nor all the batteries of the electrician, awake so enchanting a dream. Yet Nature is not Art. The true centre of the illusion was in the poetry of Shakespeare, in the language which could evoke in the spectator's mind its own descriptions, and which the natural background in its harmonious beauty never disturbed. We were compelled to listen, to watch the players, and there were no distractions. Shakespearean drama, like the sublime Attic drama, makes its appeal almost exclusively to the ear. It is rich with words, and, delivered fittingly, they must be given with aplomb



"THE VIKING," THE FILM OF SEALING MADE UNDER REALISTIC CONDITIONS: MEMBERS OF THE CINEMATOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION, SOME OF WHOM LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION—INCLUDING THE LEADER, VARICK FRISSELL (LOWER RIGHT).

thrown. These attempt to overcome the difficulty by the skilful use of lighting.

The peril to drama proper is that this concentration on visual effects prevents equilibrium being established with the aural appeal. For in the drama, the actor must be the focal point of the action. The Elizabethan stage, though it set scenes in swift succession, was independent of the scene-shifter, and never called for sudden visual adjustments from the spectator. The kinematic stage of to-day, with its multiple platforms and black-outs, cannot secure that smooth transition of unconscious mental adjustment. It is essentially conscious, and this itself is destructive of illusion. The picture impressions, by their cumulative percussive effect, leave vivid and definite impressions on the mind—finite and complete, allowing no imaginative voyaging. This is illustrated in Mr. Raymond Massey's brilliantly instructive production of "Late Night Final." Here, the visual background does not supplement but complements the dialogue. It gives to the piece its sharpened force and its fierce naturalism. It pins down every episode and actualises every scene. As theatre-craft, it reveals remarkable ingenuity, and commands our interest. But, while it fulfils its function as exciting entertainment, it forfeits the illusions of drama.

Where the spectacle, as in "White Horse Inn" or "Waltzes from Vienna," is the chief intention, and the story is only used as an Ariadne thread to



MISS EVELYN HERBERT: THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE JOHANN STRAUSS LIGHT OPERA, "WALTZES FROM VIENNA," WHICH SIR OSWALD STOLL PRESENTED AT THE ALHAMBRA ON AUGUST 17.

Duplicate artists are available for the singing parts in "Waltzes from Vienna," in order that there may be twelve performances a week. Mr. Hassard Short, who produces, has done notable work in the U.S.A.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS.



GERMANY'S VETERAN CHIEF OF STATE ON HOLIDAY AFTER THE STRESS OF THE REFERENDUM AND "CONSTITUTION DAY": PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG GREETING BAVARIAN CHILDREN.

Immediately after the celebrations which he attended in the Reichstag on August 11, the twelfth anniversary of the German Republican Constitution, President von Hindenburg left Berlin for Dietramszell, in Bavaria, to spend his summer holiday at the castle of his friend Herr von Schlicher. It may be recalled that one object of the unsuccessful Referendum of August 9 (aimed at the dissolution of the Prussian Government) was reported to be to prepare the ground for the displacement of President von Hindenburg.



A WELL-KNOWN AIRMAN AND HIS WIRELESS OPERATOR PRESUMED LOST AT SEA: MR. PARKER D. CRAMER (RIGHT) AND MR. OLIVER PAQUETTE JUST AFTER LANDING AT ANGMAHALIK, GREENLAND.

Mr. Parker D. Cramer, the American airman (who had accompanied Sir Hubert Wilkins on Polar flights), and Mr. Oliver Paquette (a Canadian Government wireless operator), landed at Angmahalik, Greenland, on August 5, during a flight to survey a new air route. On August 9 they left Lerwick for Norway, and have since been missing, despite search. On the 12th it was stated that hope had been abandoned.



THE PREMIER BACK IN TOWN TO PRESIDE OVER THE ECONOMY COMMITTEE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.



CONSERVATIVE LEADERS WHO RETURNED FROM HOLIDAY OWING TO THE BUDGET CRISIS: MR. BALDWIN (RIGHT) AND MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN ARRIVING AT 10, DOWNING STREET, TO SEE THE PREMIER.

The Prime Minister returned to London, from Lossiemouth, on August 17, to preside over the Economy Committee of the Cabinet dealing with the vital question of balancing the Budget. The other members of the Committee are Mr. Snowden (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Henderson (Foreign Secretary), Mr. Thomas (Dominions Secretary), and Mr. Graham (President of the Board of Trade). The Opposition leaders had returned to town immediately on hearing of the financial crisis—Mr. Baldwin from Aix-les-Bains, Mr. Neville Chamberlain (Chairman of the Conservative Party's Finance Committee) from Perthshire, and Sir Herbert Samuel (acting on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George for the Liberals) from Norfolk. All three visited the Premier on August 13.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHOSE BUDGET HAS TO BE BALANCED: MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN ARRIVING AT "NO. 10,"



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S LITTLE SON RECEIVES A GIFT FROM FRENCH CHILDREN IN PARIS: MULAY BEN HASSAN WITH A TOY SHEEP PRESENTED TO HIM AT LES HALLES, THE FAMOUS MARKET. During his recent visit to Paris, the Sultan of Morocco was received by the workers at Les Halles, the famous market, who presented him, among other gifts, with a whole ox. At the same time, his little son, Mulay ben Hassan, received from the children of the market presents of flowers and fruit and a toy sheep. The Sultan afterwards left Paris for Verdun, and a tour in Southern France.



A YACHTSMAN WASHED OVERBOARD AND DROWNED DURING A RACE: THE LATE, COL. C. H. HUDSON.

Colonel Hudson was lost overboard from the British yacht "Maitenes II," on August 16, in rough weather, during the race from Cowes to the Fastnet and back to Plymouth. He was a director of Hudson Brothers, trawler-owners, of Hull.



RUSSIA'S CHIEF OF STATE BESIDE LENIN'S TOMB: M. STALIN (CENTRE), WITH MAXIM GORKI (RIGHT) AND M. YENUKIDZE WATCHING A SPORTS PARADE.

On August 5 a grand parade of sportsmen was held in Red Square, at Moscow, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Red Sporting International. The occasion was attended by M. Stalin, with other members of the Soviet Government, and members of the Diplomatic Corps. More than 40,000 Russian and foreign sportsmen, who had come from various countries, took part in the parade.

"ACROBATS" THE WORLD NEVER WATCHES! GYMNASTICS AND

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES MADE BY HIM OF DIVERS



LITTLE-KNOWN ASPECTS OF A DIVER'S WORK: GYMNASTICS TO AID BLOOD CIRCULATION

Great interest in the work of divers has been aroused lately by the Navy Week demonstrations, the renewed efforts to salvage bullion from the sunk ships "Egypt" and "Laurentic," and diving operations in large engineering constructions, such as the new Ford Works at Dagenham. Our readers will also recall various photographs of diving in oceanographical research. The unique series of illustrations given above (the original sketches for which were all made by Mr. G. H. Davis from divers actually under water) show for the first time some little-known aspects of this dangerous trade. They were drawn with the help of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., the well-known submarine engineers, makers of the famous Davis Submarine Escape gear used recently in the "Poseidon" disaster. Though steel suits are employed at great depths, they are still unwieldy, and have very restricted use. The ordinary type of suit as shown here is in general use to depths of 200 feet, and is remarkably efficient. Along the top of these pages we see how the diver becomes a gymnast as he hangs on to the "shot-rope," rising slowly in stages towards the surface. The rope extends from the salvage-ship to a weight on the sea-bed, and down it the diver descends fairly rapidly. The ascent is made by regulating the air-valve on the helmet, so that the suit becomes partly inflated and

JUMPS FAR UNDER SEA—UNIQUE ILLUSTRATIONS OF DIVERS.

AT WORK UNDER WATER. BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SIEBE, GORMAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.



IN ASCENTS: "SLOW-MOTION FILM" JUMPS ON THE SEA-BED: AND OTHER OPERATIONS.

causes the diver (guiding himself by the rope) to rise. Up to about 70 feet below the surface he rises steadily, but, assuming he has been down to about 200 feet, halts then occur at every ten feet, and the total time taken may be as much as four hours. Halting is necessary to accustom the man to lessening pressure. The gymnastic exercises increase circulation, and free the blood from nitrogen, which, if the ascent were too rapid, would form bubbles in the blood and tissues, fill the right side of the heart with air, and cause death in a few minutes, or severe pains in the joints and muscles known as "bends." Few know that the skilled diver makes high and long jumps deep under water. The lower drawings show a man jumping a ridge of rocks by regulating his air-valve, increasing the buoyancy of his suit, then pushing off from the bottom and gliding over them just as in a slow-motion film. Elsewhere we see him emerging from a tunnel made under a wrecked submarine to get lifting chains under the hull, with himself on one side of it and his life-line and air-pipe passing back through it to the other side. When the U.S. Submarine "S51" was being salvaged, the tunnel collapsed behind a diver. He had to pass the water-jet between his legs and wriggle backwards until he could clear the obstruction and free his air and life-lines. A hair-raising experience!

THE IMITATION OF LIFE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MASKS, MIMES, AND MIRACLES": By PROFESSOR ALLARDYCE NICOLL.*

(PUBLISHED BY HARRAP.)

LIFE, said Oscar Wilde, imitates Art; and in his own dramatic work, which has little or no relation to "real life," he carried his doctrine into the theatre. We have only to read our newspapers to realise that life frequently imitates drama; does drama ever truly imitate life? Modern realism has insisted that it does and must; but to the ancients the notion was startling. Classical drama avowedly dwelt in an atmosphere which was remote from actuality, and it was an Aristotelian principle that tragedy moved on a plane which was higher, and comedy on a plane which was lower, than the world of men. The outstanding characteristic of the popular drama, which is the subject of this illuminating volume, was that it purported to be "an imitation of life"—the life of human beings, not of heroes, gods, and demigods; and to that extent it was, according to classical canons, a bastard form of drama at the best.

From the earliest times, the various forms of this "imitation of life" are "all bound together by one common tie—each one, although it may influence literary comedy, is distinct from that form of theatrical expression. All make free use of every means offered by the stage. Music, dancing, and acrobatics mingle with regular dialogue. The dramatic poet for the most part remains in the background; much of the mimic activity is purely improvisatorial. All keep strictly to life. There may be exaggeration, but there is no artificiality. The gods are brought from the

this everlasting ingredient in the laughter of men and (as Aristophanes has taught us) even of gods.

Such was the raw material of the mime; and the value of Professor Allardyce Nicol's volume, apart from the great store of information which it contains, lies in tracing the historical continuity of this peculiarly and incorrigibly "secular" drama. We begin in the sixth century B.C. with the primitive Dorian mime, ancestor of the more sophisticated Greek mime proper; which drew smiles and applause even from Plato. Transported to the Greek colonies of Italy, it becomes the Phlyax, usually a very broad form of mythological travesty, and the Oscan *fabula Atallana*, with a set of "stock" characters of its own, which gradually fell into the background as the true mime of the classical period developed. This was its heyday, and we know from innumerable references in classical literature that the rollicking, Rabelaisian mime was an extremely popular after-piece or *intermezzo* of the regular theatres and an indispensable attraction of festivals and junketings.

It has been commonly supposed that this "mimic drama, which certainly did exist up to the fall of the Roman Empire, died away completely after that date. Perhaps something of the older spirit, wedded to the spirit of the Germanic *scoop*, aided in producing the mediæval *jongleur*, but the *mimus* and all his repertory vanished completely during the Dark Ages." It is beyond question that in early Christian times the mime had to withstand the most severe attacks from ecclesiastical authority, to which its characteristic features were as inevitably anathema as the "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" of the stage were to the Puritans. Of the *mimus*, at any time between the fifth and the ninth centuries, it might have been said, as of the Last Minstrel, that "The bigots of an iron time Had called his harmless art a crime." Yet Professor Nicoll produces impressive arguments, and more evidence than can be here discussed, for the view that despite all *ex cathedra* condemnation, the mimic tradition continued irrepressibly.

It was undoubtedly perpetuated by the *jongleurs*, and there is much ground for thinking that it reappears, though much altered in form, in the mediæval religious drama. Professor Nicoll does not assent to the orthodox view that the Mysteries and Miracles were an entirely independent growth which sprang from an elaboration of the liturgy. "It can hardly be emphasised too much that the great mystery cycles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries could not have become the popular things they were had it not been for the efforts of the comic actors to make sport and of the machinists to make wondrous entertaining shows." There is considerable evidence that the early Byzantine writers of mysteries were really endeavouring to establish a kind of pious rival to the impious popular entertainment, and that the same intention persisted in the *naïvetés* of the mediæval religious plays. Thus, paradoxically, did the sacred and the profane, the dogmatic and the secular, join hands in the effort to "imitate life."

The final period of the popular drama—a period which is not yet entirely ended—is that of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, strange compost of the stereotyped and the extemporaneous, curious blend of the realistic and the artificial. Though with inexhaustible variations, it is always built round the same group of characters: two old men (Pantalone and Dottor Graziano), two Zanni or "zaneyns," Brighella and Arlecchino (Harlequin), a Capitano, two male lovers and two female lovers, and a servant girl, or Fantesca, who, though she has many names, is best known to us as Columbine. Many of these are still with us—Pulcinella (Punch), Scaramuccia, Harlequin, Columbine, Pedrolino (Pierrot), seem to defy time—and, as Professor Nicoll says, though it may seem "a far cry from Joseph to Pantalone, from Mary to Isabella, from the Devil to Arlecchino," yet "if there is any validity in the thesis that the mediæval religious drama owes part of its strength to the secular tradition, the chasm separating the merry comedy of the Renaissance and the edifying drama of the Middle Ages may not, after all, be so great."

Indeed, one of the impressions left most vividly upon the mind by this volume is that the more drama

changes, the more it is the same thing. Again and again we recognise stock-in-trade of the theatre which has altered very little throughout the ages. The human quadruped of modern pantomime was known to the Dorian mime, and the "trick" dog of Hollywood delighted the Roman multitude. Acrobats, jugglers, and conjurers were popular performers in the sixth century B.C., and they seem to have performed very much the same "turns" as to-day. Marionettes were known in the fifth century to Xenophon, and Epicharmus (not to mention Aristophanes) made play with the pun which has perennially tickled the ears of the groundlings. "Slapstick" was such a stand-by of the classical mime that the clown was called *alapus*, which is no other than Andreiev's "He Who Gets Slapped." Cap and bells (which are only another form of the dunce's cap) go back to the earliest times. In the dashing *mima* of Rome there are many analogies with the modern chorus-girl, or, at all events, of a type of chorus-girl which is dear to fiction. In the *lazzi* we see the "traditional business" which still survives on the stage—e.g., in many Shakespearean productions. Perhaps the most curious example of persistence is the "mimic doll group representing the Nativity," which is supposed by many scholars to have been the starting-point of the religious drama. To this day, every child in France at Christmas has a *crèche* which is exactly this "mimic doll group": how many French parents realise that every December they take this journey right back to the Middle Ages? And, for that matter, how many of us, when we guffaw or yawn at the Harlequinade, realise that we are going back to Megara of more than two thousand years ago? The stuff of the "imitation of life" changes slowly and reluctantly, for the excellent reason that the stuff of life changes slowly and reluctantly.

This admirable and copious history illustrates another dramatic truth—namely, that the theatre never, in reality, "imitates life." The popular drama which claimed so wide a field for itself seems, at all times, however various its forms, to have resolved itself into a limited number of "stock" types; they were probably always conventional and, to a great extent, artificial, and certainly became so in the *Commedia dell'Arte*. At the end of the volume, Professor Nicoll calls attention to the influence which these types exercised on dramatists like Molière and Shakespeare. There is great force in Professor Nicoll's suggestion that Jaques's Seven Ages speech is based directly upon the figures of the *Commedia*; and we venture to think that the parallel might be carried farther. In Maria have we not something of the Italian serving-maid, or *Fantesca*? Have not Pistol and Bardolph kinship with the *Capitano*, and is it mere coincidence that Bardolph has the comic nose which was a traditional part of the *Capitano's* make-up? In Holofernes, is there not something of the Dottore, in Polonius something of Pantalone, and in the comic servants, such as Launcelot Gobbo and Grumio, a great deal of the *Zanni*? The volume is elegant in itself and is illustrated abundantly and pertinently. A. K.



FOR THE WEAR OF AN ORDINARY DEVIL AS REPRESENTED IN RELIGIOUS DRAMAS OF THE MIDDLE AGES: A COSTUME OF BLACK CLOTH.

"The standard dress for the ordinary Devil appears to have consisted of leather, hair, or black cloth." The particular example illustrated was in the possession of Count Dr. Hans Wilczek, at Schloss Seebarn, near Korneuburg; but was destroyed by fire during the war. It originated in Tyrol.—[Reproduced from "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles."]

high paths of Olympus to walk common streets along with grotesquely conceived characters of the day. The bombastic and grandiloquent language of tragedy is dragged from its tottering throne and mocked at." The mime "takes the whole of life for its province, and, like nature itself, has naught to do with either morality or religion. . . . It rejects nothing; its mission is to imitate life, and life, good or bad, virtuous or vicious, it puts upon the stage, having no thoughts of moral distinctions, having no outer control beyond the force of nature itself."

Mockery is the key-note. Jaques, yearning for motley, demanded "as large a charter as the wind To blow on whom I please." Motley was, literally, an invention of the mime, in its mediæval form and its later development as the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte*; and Motley's charter throughout the ages was as large as the wind. In pagan times, it made farcical fun of the gods; in the early Christian era it made merry with the "comic Christian," and particularly with the ludicrous possibilities of the ceremony of baptism. Professor Nicoll makes out a good case for his suggestion that even the early religious drama of the Middle Ages contained large elements of the mime's knockabout mood: and, in short, throughout its history the mime never relaxed its satirical licence.

It had licence of another kind, which will never be dissociated from popular humour—a quality which a Latin writer called *turpido delectabilis*, or "delightful naughtiness." There can be little doubt that in the earliest mimic drama the lubricity was very crude and gross, and it was this characteristic more than any other which in Christian times repeatedly got it into hot water. But no censures or fulminations ever succeeded in completely chastening



A PULCINELLA MASK: A CREATION OF LEATHER FOR A CHARACTER OF THE "COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE."

Reproduced from "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles."



A PANTOMIMIC ACTOR WITH HIS MASKS, WHICH WERE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE ORDINARY THEATRICAL MASKS BY HAVING NO MOUTH OPENINGS—FOR "THE PANTOMIMIC ACTOR SPEAKS WITH HIS HANDS."

Concerning the Roman *pantomimus* it is written: "Masks certainly were worn by the performers, and apparently these masks were often changed in order to mark off different characters. These pantomimic masks were distinguished from the ordinary theatrical masks by having no mouth openings. 'With closed mouth,' says Cassiodorus, 'the pantomimic actor speaks with his hands. By gesture he conveys what hardly could have been rendered by word of mouth or written text.'"

From an Ivory Relief in Berlin. Reproduced from "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. G. G. Harrap and Co.

* "Masks, Mimes, and Miracles: Studies in the Popular Theatre." By Allardyce Nicoll, M.A., Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of London. With Two Hundred and Twenty-Six Illustrations (George G. Harrap and Co.; 42s. net).

Old-Time Cricket and Other Games as Played in Bygone Days.

FROM THE DRAWINGS BY ROBERT DIGHTON (1752-1814). BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. E. PARSONS AND SONS, 45, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.3.



(TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT): "CRICKET, PLAYED BY THE GENTLEMENS' CLUB, WHITECONDUIT HOUSE" (1784); AND "FOUR CORNERS, PLAYED AT THE SWAN, CHELSEA"; (MIDDLE ROW) "COITS, PLAYED OPPOSITE THE HORNS, KENNINGTON COMMON"; AND "TRAP BALL, PLAYED AT THE BLACK PRINCE, NEWINGTON BUTTS"; (LOWER ROW) "FOOT BALL, PLAYED AT MARKET PLACE, BARNET"; AND "FIVES, PLAYED AT THE TENNIS COURT, LEICESTER FIELDS."

BRITISH SPORTS OF 1784: CRICKET, FOUR CORNERS, COITS, TRAP BALL, FOOT BALL, AND FIVES.

These old drawings show how some of our popular games were played in former days. While cricket and football have attained "national" rank, others have died out or developed on different lines. Four Corners seems to have been an early form of skittles. Quoits (or Coits) descended from the ancient Greek discus-throwing, and was played in England in the fifteenth century. The game described as "Fives" was evidently akin to Rackets. In modern Fives, of course, the ball is hit by the hand. The scene of the eighteenth-century cricket is of special interest just now in

view of the match played recently, in old-time costume and conditions, on the historic Broadhalfpenny Down, near Hambledon, famous in the history of the game. The match was between the Hambledon Club and a team from H.M.S. "Nelson." The score was notched on a stick with a jack-knife in the ancient manner. The sailors won by 63 notches. Robert Dighton, who did these drawings, was an English portrait-painter and caricaturist. He was born in 1752, and died in London in 1814. He exhibited occasionally at the Royal Academy.



A FIRST-BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT: PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE AND HER SISTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, was born on April 21, 1926. Her sister, H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose, was born on August 21, 1930.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT-STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS. (COPYRIGHT.)

